



ISSUE 3

ONLY 50P  
(PRINTING COSTS  
ONLY)

Dan - sorry the first page  
inside is upside down - the  
rest is fine - hope you  
like it  
Greta

X  
Rated  
ISSUE

THIS ONE'S FOR BART LAYLA AND  
MY SISTER'S.

hey  
dropjaw

Let's go  
disco **BEEP! BEEP!**  
racing now,  
let's wear  
our cossies  
on the bus  
and



Of all the people who do fanzines  
in America or here who say  
"it's o.k to masturbate- go ahead, have  
fun"  $\frac{1}{2}$  of them are lying. You can  
say somethings o.k in a zine which  
is gonna be mostly read by people  
you don't know. In fact if you use  
a P.O Box and do the zine anonymously  
you can write what the fuck you want.

But it's still baaad, especially for girls.  
The bad girls who fingerfuck (out of the bath), who  
fantasize and generally are most  
happy when 'at one with themselves'.

Then i read a zine where the  
writer either tells me there queer  
or that they masturbate and are  
'happy' about it all.

Sorry to be so blunt but,  
BOLLARKS!

Then I think oh geez someone else is  
out there wanking at the thought of  
another girl and then I remember of

all the jokes about "dirty faggots

and lesies" I heard in college today

P.T.O

from previous page.

and all this positive- lets join hands  
and communicate shit goes straight  
out the window and back into the zine  
where I first read it.

I'm sorry for being a moany shit.

happy wanking, you tosspots we all  
know your doing it.



I want to learn how to blow bubbles with bubblegum, do a cartwheel, and play [REDACTED] the accordion like some irish blues singer.

Then when I can do all them things I will be able to continue with my life, see right now my lifes at a standstill (i know, i know- it's been said before). But it 'aint cause of some midlife crisis or because I haven't got a girlfriend or any of that bull you'll read in Just 17. I'm certain it's cause I can't do those things i said at the top of the page.

If reading this you've realised that you can do all those things- (or even just one of them) and you don't think your that special well YOU ARE TOO COOL TO BE TRUE, even cooler than a snog with Winona Ryder.

I mean you must realise how lucky you are. Any how I just wanted to congratulate all the peoples who can do dem things.

EURGH YOU JUST SHAT IN YOUR PANTS!.

Was it the thought of going into college when you have'nt done that essay or painted that picture.

Was it  
sitting  
your dad  
him your

Was it  
of dying  
lonely  
instead  
quick  
free one  
always

Was it  
of the  
pitt  
across  
whose  
so  
for the  
eyes which were aimed at you,  
do not try to

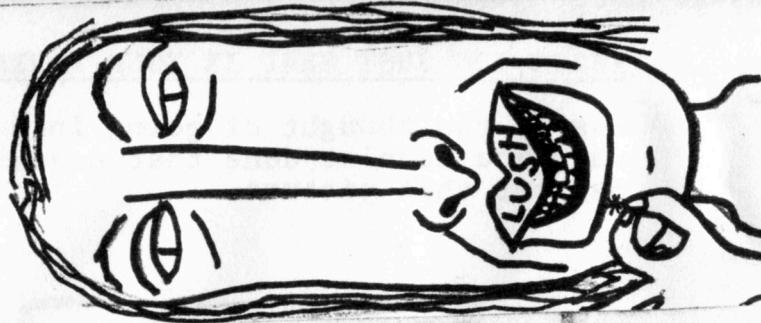
stop the fear for the fear of being weak but  
accept it as part of yourself.

Even if it does mean your left with dirty knickers.

the idea of  
down with  
and telling  
gay,

the thought  
a sad and  
death  
of the  
and care-  
you'd  
hoped for,

the memory  
huge black  
bull you came  
last weekend  
blackness was  
complete but  
white in it's



COME ON OVER RICHIE- my friend wants to grab your butt (listen to your raoul records). Oh boy, oh boy do we lurve that song (me and layla). There supposed to be coming over here next year, and I'm gonna be like some obsessed, decrepid fan and will wait for them at heathrow with banners and flowers (joke).

All this dumbness is all in aid of the luchious melissa- yummy, she is my most beautiful woman at the mo'. The amount of times i've gone to sleep thinking of her, is to many to mention. Oh heck like you really wanna know about my fantasies, although I did get great inspiration for writing this after reading a zine called 'could you be bored shitless by the opposite sex' it's written by a teenage gay bloke and a lesbian in her 20's. The issue I read was all about fantasies, and coming out being positive etc, etc...

By the way this is the first thing I've ever written (not just for my zine, but ever) as a lesbian. I'm 16 and have just come out to my mum and my sisters and my best friend. The thing is though, I see the term 'coming out' as with yourself, like in your mind- does

that make sense? I mean telling your parents and stuff has to come after you've sorted yourself out doesn't it? I don't know but if your reading this and you wanna write DO! I don't care if this all sounds cliched, and heres the address for that zine →

**'ZINE'**  
c/o 65 THORNHILL Gdns  
LEYTON,  
E10 5EW 50p &  
ortrade S.A.E



teaser

STRIPPER GIRL,

DANCING GIRL,

I sit at the back to watch your show,

to watch you lick

your honey lips, giving a little

bit, a bit of pleasure

to truck drivers who are

foreigners in a town where it's

the mayors daughter who is up

on the stage pushing the

ring in her bellybutton

and into the light.

weasel yr way around this →

"KEEP YOUR ROSARIES OUT OF OUR OVARIES"

Hold your belly  
with a finger

Squeeze it with two

Touch it with a hand, feel the touch of  
another.

The Unthinkable happens,  
You fail the test.

That night you cry.

You hold your belly and say goodbye.

Abused and screamed at  
scared to go in

God says it's murder  
As a young girl you have no other  
choice.

You feel guilty with pain,  
it wasn't easy.



Are you finding  
it difficult to  
meet your kind  
of people??

If so ....

We have the answer ...

**THE HERBAL APPROACH**

"It was just as Anneka  
Rice had said!"

**ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH**

Come on  
cry for me  
with vocal chords strung down yr throat  
cuz i want  
to slit our  
throats,  
cry for my  
state of  
mind - apologize  
ize for my  
stupi dnness

START *on the last page?*

write with finger nail patterns  
across the page and feel your hair  
against your back. write like you've  
never done until today "write the  
truth of all the things you've never  
wanted to notice before." write about  
the glue stuck to your finger and as  
you peel it off it looks like your  
skin. last night you dreamt you set  
light to your self and couldn't care  
less. like an old fashioned indian  
burning with her dead husband on the  
funeral pyre. does  
glueskinreallylooklikeburnt skin? don't  
try to find out, just write about it.  
X marks the spot of delivered  
frequency with narrow slit eyes  
staring down your throat. would  
masking tape hold in someone's lies?  
like a bee delivering to the wrong  
flower. would it really make a  
difference? the glue and paint stuck  
in your nails, the nervous bitter  
taste that forever holds your peace,  
in a tongue tied tonsil hockey way.  
you forgive and questions get fired at  
you like the paintballs doctors and  
barristers hurl at eachother at  
weekends. while people wait in  
corridors on rusty beds for operations  
someone brings them flowers stolen  
from their uncle's grave. he wouldn't  
mind. he was a generous old biddy.

*im sorry if it makes nooo  
sense, i suppose i was just  
trying to fill up the last  
page -*

*would you like to dance to Latin Beat?*

SEND  
CONTRIBUTIONS.

cartoons, letters,  
stories, jokes, fantasies,  
or any old bits of tat to →

★ VOOP /  
BM NANCEE

LONDON  
WC1N

3 XX

Always with S.A.E.



THE END.

